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PAST AND FUTURE.

As odors blown at springtime fair and bright
By playing zephyrs from a verdure plain
Bear naught but sweetness in their gentle vein,
Though thistles both and flowers meet our sight;
Thus seems the past in mem'ry's charming light,
A time that totally devoid of pain
Re-echoes now as life's melodious strain
In harmony and music of delight.—

Dear college years, already you are past!
Before us lies a life's uncertain way,
For whether smooth or rough unto the last,
It lies concealed in future's misty gray.
Yet e'en though steep and rugged be the path,
'Tis we who make the journey gay or sad.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.



“PARADISE AND THE PERI.”

Shakespeare acquired fame through his various plays. Milton's name was immortalized by his “Paradise Lost,” and Grey's “Elegy” elevated him to the highest rank among poets. These works have elicited the praise of millions, and men have perused them with unbounded eagerness and admiration. They strike the tenderest chords of the soul and arouse such feelings of sublimity in the average reader that many noble sentiments are lost in the turmoil of enthusiasm, and sometimes the purest gems lie unobserved. If the mind could be checked in its eager flight and be made to repose in some cozy nook of these great meadows to confine itself perseveringly to a limited field, the study would be the more complete and the benefit the greater.

The works of Thomas Moore are numerous. In some we find passages that are morally objectionable and for which there is certainly no excuse. But generally the work of his pen calls forth just appreciation and admiration. He excels as a song writer, and his “Irish Melodies” will never cease to thrill as long as a Celtic heart palpitates. We shall not, however, attempt a general review of manifold productions, but shall confine ourselves to the consideration of some of his noblest sentiments and endeavor to designate and study the moral lessons embodied in his “Paradise and Peri,” or second story of Lalla Rookh.

In this work Moore pictures to us the longing

of the Peri, or spirit of an erring line, at the gate of Eden. She must search this entire changing earth, for in the gift dearest to Heaven solely lies her redemption. At the beginning of the poem Moore gives us a picture of the happiness of Heaven, and makes it more plausible by contrast and comparison to our own conception of the term:—

“Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall,
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!”

The poet shows the vanity of earthly treasures, and their insignificance in the light of eternity. The Peri views the wealth and precious jewels of kings, she sees the magnificence and splendor of earthly renown, but scorns them in her search for heavenly offerings. Far and wide she extends her gaze. She flies over lands which teem with gaily colored flowers and beautiful streams. At last she reaches the spot which offers her first boon. Far down upon a battle-field she sees a youthful warrior who nobly scorns the proffered hand of treason and dies in liberty's cause. The Peri quickly descends to catch the last drop that fell from that dying breast. Here the poet shows the inestimable value of liberty's blood, and pours soothing words of encouragement on all its struggling devotees:—

“Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!”

But the heavenly boon must be far holier, and next the Peri's flight is over the fair scenery of Egypt. Here we find a striking allusion to life's rough journey and the tempter's incessant vigilance. For even among Egypt's balmy groves, sparkling waters and sweetly scented flowers, the "Demon of the Plague" stealthily creeps and plies his dreadful carnage. Desolation places its indelible brand over all; amidst the dying groans the Peri finds her second gift. A youth lay beside a distant lake. She heard his last sad moan indicative almost of despair, and she knew that his soul was destined for an early flight. In the dim moonlight the youth sees his betrothed who leaves her father's princely halls and gay banquet to die with her lonely lover. What an example of devoted love! But the poet conceived a higher and still nobler token than even the last sigh of self sacrificing love. The Peri's offering must be holier still. Failure only stimulates hope and perseverance, and she continues her search in "Syria's land of roses." Suddenly she sees a child at play in a fragrant flowery bed; she hears his sweet song of contentment and smiles to see the radiant innocence in his beaming countenance. A weary traveler dismounts upon the spot to give his heated steed a drink. The Peri shudders when she sees his rough and guilty countenance. There many a crime is recorded and the furrows of vice are deeply rooted. What a contrast between guilty and guiltless! Here the author infuses a pathetic strain, for we see that heart of stone soften before the beaming fearless innocence, and when the

child in answer to the vesper call “kneels and lisps the eternal name of God”, the sinner exclaims:—

“ There was a time, he said, in mild
Heart humbled tones— thou blessed child!
When young and hap’y pure as thou
I look’d and pray’d like thee—but now—”

A striking example of true repentance follows, and we have an admirable picture of heavenly appreciation and joy occasioned by such a scene:—

“And now behold him kneeling there
By the child’s side in humble pray’r,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!”

And the Peri ascends with this grand and miraculous prize—a tear of repentance. She bids farewell to the vanishing beauties of this earth, and in transports of extreme joy wings her rapid flight to Heaven’s bowers.

Although Moore may have partially failed in portraying some features of character, still his splendid style and diction, his peculiar tenderness and pathos, and above all the noble Christian spirit which permeates this work must more than compensate and inspire every intelligent and sincere reader.

PAUL A. WELSH, '04.



HAMLET.

IN perusing the works of Shakespeare one cannot but be impressed by the ingenuity and consummate art which the great bard displays in his character delineations and the novelty of the plots upon which he founds his great dramas. How admirable and how finished is the execution of the plot in Macbeth. With what nice effect has he not pictured the once mighty Lear, a decrepit old man, bereft of his reason and robbed of his kingdom by his unnatural daughters.

But in Hamlet, prince of Denmark, Shakespeare has excelled himself in character portraiture and variety of scenes. If the great dramatist's fame can be attributed to his character creations, not a little of it rests on Hamlet. This character has been declared by critics as the most profound example of characterization of the genius of its author, and well does it deserve this praise. It is a representation that is both real and ideal. At the opening of the drama we find Hamlet plunged into the most pitiable grief and sorrow. Bereft of the noblest of fathers and deserted by his cold and unsympathetic mother, Hamlet has been left to the mercies of a cruel and ambitious uncle who has usurped the throne, thereby depriving our hero of his rightful sovereignty. Truly, Hamlet is to be pitied rather than blamed. Throughout the drama he is melancholy and morbid; his delicate soul is harassed by the most vexatious doubts and grievances. Some critics claim that

Hamlet's mind finally gave way beneath the terrible strain imposed upon it, but such is hardly the case, as the causes were hardly adequate enough for insanity to ensue.

Moreover, the trap which he devised for the inveiglement of his uncle could not be the product of a diseased brain. His madness was rather assumed in order to conceal from the watchful eyes of the king his plans and designs. From a youth possessed of all that one could desire, enamored of a beautiful maiden, we see him transformed into a man whose god is Deity and on whose altar he sacrifices love, pride, and sometimes even justice. Yet one requisite is wanting in this character, and that is action, quick and decisive. Hamlet soliloquizes too much and does not act enough. Yet his monologues are never superficial or insipid; on the contrary, they reveal the depth of the character and the genius of the author. For an example, like his master-piece of reflection, is his soliloquy on death. Here in the midst of the accomplishment of his designs our hero pauses and reflects:

“To be, or not to be; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
Slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?”

Throughout the drama we cannot admire the love which Hamlet shows for the fair Ophelia. Hamlet won the heart of this fair maid only to break it; his unjust treatment of her is little in accordance with his other noble qualities. While in one of his insane moods, he cries out to her:

“Go, get thee to a nunnery,
I lov'd you not.”

But the tender spirit of the fair Ophelia could little brook such harsh commands from one who was so much to her, and believing that his mind had broken, she herself lost her reason, and before the drama ends, Ophelia buries herself beneath the placid stream, clad in her bridal garments and her brow encircled with the sweet rosemary, singing as she goes to her rest:

“Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.”

Thus ends the life of the fair and chaste Ophelia; she went to her death believing her lord faithless.

Goaded on by the king who wishes to rid himself of Hamlet's presence, Laertes, her brother charges Hamlet with Ophelia's death. Hamlet resents the charge and they fight; in the encounter both are fatally wounded and Hamlet, before he can be deprived of his revenge, stabs the king thus ending the tragedy.

So the bright life of a youth is brought to an unhappy close. A victim of unfortunate circumstances, he ever elevated himself above his conditions, displaying true filial piety and devotion. His hallucinations and distortions of thoughts were feigned and unreal, but judging from the violence of his actions and speech, we must conclude that he had at least one foot on the verge of madness.

Certainly the poet's art was of the most consummate degree to so minutely describe the dis-

ease of a great mind. In no other piece has the sweet swan of Avon employed all his art and with so great a success. Hamlet is and must ever remain the most perfect and most sublime of Shakespeare's creations.

W. T. FLAHERTY, '94.

I'LL COME AT LAST.

The sun pursues dark, doleful night,
 And sends his beams of blazing light;
 The breezes play 'neath vernal bowers,
 The birds bathe 'mong the dewy flowers.
 A man advances wrapt in thought,
 His heart with pressing trouble fraught.
 Elacbir nighs the sultan's tent,
 Distress'd with cares and sorrow-bent.
 The heavy curtain drew aside
 Of silk he—but no man espied.
 "I've come to plead an earnest cause,"
 Said he—and made for tears a pause—
 "I will sit down and gladly wait
 Till he arrive with all his state.
 My heart, be quiet in my breast!
 Be still, let Allah do the rest!"
 His face he buried in his hands;—
 And as he upward looked by chance,
 A form the curtain drew aside;
 Then quite enraged Elacbir cried:
 "Who art thou, wretch that enter'st here
 Unbidden, unannounced?"

"My dear,
 Be not afraid, I ask no man,
 I fear no sword, no curse, no ban.
 I come and knock at any door
 Unbid, unwilling. What ask you more?"—

“Who art thou, stranger, answer give— —
Make haste, old man!—If thou wouldst live!”
“Oh!— —You, kill me!—I’m alone.
I breathe on kings, and—they are gone.
I break their crowns and crush their thrones—
Such work I do—and come but once.
Poor manikin! ha! spare your breath.
Lo! who am I, then?—I am Death!”
“What, thou art Death?—what wilt thou here?
My heart is filled with gloomy fear.
What, thou art Death? Oh, woe is me!
’Tis true, I see,—O misery!—
To horse! to horse! at once! at once!”
“Hold! not so fast the charger runs.
Within three days you are my prey.
Where’er may lead your unknown way,
I need no light your steps to seek
On sea, on land, on mountain-peak;
And if you ride with lightning-speed,
I’ll overtake you if it need.”
“Here, Death, take all this countless wealth.
I have still strength and hope and health;
Prolong my life for seven years,
And spare my wife and children’s tears.”
“I take no gems, nor care for gold.
I do repeat what I have told:
I break the rose in blushing bloom
Where’er I am, I spread a gloom.
I gather all the flowers fair,
And tie them up with tender care;
I bring them to the King, my Lord—
I do according to his word.
But all the weeds and useless wood
I’ll burn—and all their likelihood.”

“To horse! to horse! away! away!

Oh, saddle in haste my Arab gray!”

Away o’er the prairie the dervish dashed,
In ire and fury the steed he lashed

Till he galloped in haste thro' the portals of day
Into night, and released the tired young gray.
He changed his horse, nor saw nor heard,
With merciless anger the roan he spurred,
Till markings of blood were seen in the flanks.
"Down! Down! away, o'er the sandy banks!
Away, for I feel his presence nigh!
Away! till we reach the morning-sky!"
The second night fell over the rider's head,
He took no food, nor rested in bed.
But now he enters a desert land;
His heart grows wild, and his nervous hand
Lets loose the reins as he speeds away,
Till rose the third morning in splendid array.
On! on! o'er the desert! Down! down, the steep hill!
No—Death shall not find me! —I feel a strange chill.
But, look! in the sunlight a beautiful grove.
I see in the distance a figure move;
It seems he is tending a wooly flock,
And now he sits down upon a block.
Come, haste thee, my charger, we'll soon take a
breath.
A hundred yards more. Ha! where is my death?
Come, screw up your courage; for soon we shall rest.
Oh, what a dark power is clasping my breast?
Onward! Oh, onward!" he says with a groan;
"A few more strides—and our path is done."
He halts before the figure dread
That now has raised his gloomy head.
"Ha! who art thou in this great wild
Alone? Art thou a human child?"
"Man, who am I?—Dost know me not?
Ha! look once more!—Have you forgot?
I've waited here for long a time,
From evening-light till morning-prime.
Wretch! I am Death! Thy die is cast;
Thy hour has come, has come at last!

Unhitch thy charger, go with me,
Let here thy horse, that thou be free!"
In all his haste from Death to flee
Man now himself must conquered see.
His body sinks,—

His soul alone
With Death to heaven's King has gone.

X. J., '03.

THE BITER BITTEN.

"COME on fellows,—three cheers and we're off!" The speaker, Joseph Martin, a handsome boy of nineteen, leads in the cheers that follow and sets the example of pushing out the boat which he and his companions occupy, into the middle of the beautiful stream that skirts the western boundary of Leighton College. Boat follows boat until a dozen or more, filled with guns, fish-rods and provisions, are afloat and pointed down the stream. The occasion is the annual picnic and the boys are prepared to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

The time is early spring when nature herself bids us rejoice. The sun, just rising over the tree-tops, floods hills and vale with a golden splendor, the air is redolent with the sweet fragrance of newly born flowers; the woods resound with the songs of innumerable feathered songsters; the stream, cool and limpid in the morning sun, is the home of multitudes of fish which, leaping out of the water, fall back with a musical splash, and at once, as if astonished at their own daring, dive to

the depths below. Here and there the dark head of a turtle appears, but only to vanish beneath the surface on the approach of the boats. The boys themselves, filled with the joy and vivacity of youth, make the welkin resound with their songs and laughter, keeping time to the regular dip of the oars as they steadily row down the stream. But with only a few of these do we deal. Joseph Martin, as before mentioned, is a noble and handsome boy, the recognized leader of those in whose company he is. Of medium height, he is a fine athlete, sturdy and strong; his brown eyes have a fearless look, and his manly bearing and character bespeak the nobleness of his soul. His companions like himself are actuated with all that is noble in life. Chums as they all are, they are at ease in each other's company, open and free, their happiness is beyond measure.

But sad to say, all are not like these. At some distance behind the rest is a crowd whose nearly complete silence is in ill accord with the noise of the others. Black sheep they are, the black sheep of Leighton College. Of morose dispositions, they hang back unable to bear the happiness of their companions. With sullen looks they watch those ahead. Some are reading dime novels, while the rest are conversing in low tones and occasionally with a furtive glance cast about, spitting tobacco juice over the sides of the boat. Their acknowledged leader, Frank Arlington, deserves more than a casual glance. In the first year of his college course he was a good friend of Joe's and associated with the best students. Some

fancied wrong made him an enemy of his erstwhile friend, and his love was changed into hatred. Though not thoroughly bad, his heart is ever filled with a burning desire 'to get even.' Bitter and gloomy are his thoughts, for to himself he has to confess that he alone is responsible for his present position. His thoughts give expression to words, when far ahead of them, Joe rises in his boat and starts the fellows off in a favorite college song:

"Yes, I am contented, go things as they will,
Dwelling in my cottage, peacefully and still.
Many a fool has all things that his eyes behold,
But to be contented better is than gold."

"Listen to that, fellows," he says, "he's contented, oh yes,—the old fool thinks he's 'the whole thing'." "Let's settle him, Frank, some one suggests, can't you think of a scheme?"

Arlington grits his teeth; many times has he tried to down his imaginary enemy, but as many times has he had to acknowledge defeat. "Well, I'll certainly try it, Jack, he answers; you don't catch me watch him strut around all day; but 'cut it' now, the fellows are landing, we'll talk it over later on."

They hastily row up, join the others and assist in removing the provisions to the tent pitched for the purpose. This finished, every one scatters; some wander to the woods; a crowd go swimming; a few are contented with books, while a great number prepare to fish. Among the latter is Joe and his crowd; a place is selected and soon their merry shouts proclaim their success.

After an hour's sport Joe leaves his friend and returns for a patent hook which he had forgotten. He enters the tent in which the belongings of the students are stored, but before he can reach what he is after, he hears his own name spoken in a tone of contempt; he is no eavesdropper, but what he hears, justifies him in listening. The conversation causes him to give a gasp of surprise, and without executing his plans that brought him hither, leaves the tent. He returns to his companions and calls his particular chum, John O'Neil, to take a walk. When out of earshot of the rest, Joe says: "Now old boy, I want you to listen to a little tale of woe. When I went for my hook I heard some one talking on the outside of the tent. As I seemed to be the hero, I took the liberty of listening. I am glad I did, for I heard something interesting. Arlington and his friends intend to saw the oars of my boat in such a manner that when I attempt to cross the river, they will give way in the swift current above the falls, and I be swept over. Over, John, over—means death." John gave a low whistle of surprise,—“Are you going to have them know you overheard them?” “No,” Joe answers, “we'll simply leave them alone. Now that I know it, no one will suffer. They intend to do the work while we're at lunch,—and by Jove! there goes the bell now.”

They walk towards the tent and join the rest in preparing to satisfy the inner man. Joe looks for Arlington but finds him absent; so he excuses himself and saunters towards the river. Reaching it, himself unseen, he watches Arlington at his

work, wishing to send a fellow-being into eternity. Standing there he realizes the narrow escape he has had,—realizes that had he not gone to the tent, this might have been his last day on earth. Involuntarily he shudders and turns to see O'Neil coming towards him; hand in hand the two friends stand watching the foe complete his task. This accomplished, he leaves the place. Even thus far could Joe have forgiven him, for he feels naught but pity for the wretch; reconciliation however is not possible, so with a sigh he turns to his chum and in silence they rejoin the rest.

To understand Arlington's plot it is necessary to describe the location of the camp. A half mile from where the boys are, is the little village of Oxford; the camp itself is pitched at the base of a hill, a short distance above a steep water-fall. Owing to it, the current in the middle of the river is as swift as a mill-race; any object caught in its grasp could not escape being carried over the falls, and that for a person meant death.

Quickly the time passes and once again the boys are seated under the smiling sky,—this time eating their noonday meal. Amid jests and laughter the meal proceeds,—but suddenly the laughter ceases. Well it might, for coming towards them is a sight that brings terror to the bravest heart. For a moment no one stirs. Then,—“Mad dog!”—some one cries; the spell is broken and all rush for a place of safety. A shot from a prefect's revolver disposes of the dog and the danger is over.

Not so the panic which has seized the ‘picnickers.’ Some are climbing trees, others flee to the

woods, while a great number are headed for the boats. Among the latter is Arlington; overcome with terror he thinks of nothing but escape. Jumping into a boat, he pushes off from shore and with frantic haste rows for the other side. In a moment he is in the swift current, and there—but too late—he discovers that he is in his intended victim's boat! The oars snap in two—they are useless. Great God! what will he do! With a cry of horror he throws the worthless oars from him, and scarcely realizing what he is doing, leaps into the raging flood.

With a cry of despair he sinks beneath the surface,—he rises and manfully attempts to breast the waves. But vain attempt! Slowly and surely he is drawn to his doom. Already he hears the roar of the falls, and in it the hideous clamor of the demons in hell. His strength is failing; for the last time he is sinking beneath the surface; he is near the edge of the falls!—in another second his body, bruised and mangled, will be on the rocks below. Oh God, is there no hope for him! . .

A strong hand grasps his shoulder; he tumbles on the brink of the precipice, and then—slow but sure he is drawn from his terrible fate,—saved from death and hell, and his savior is—Joseph Martin.

A witness of the catastrophe, he hesitated not a moment; kicking off his shoes and pulling off his coat as he ran, he tied a rope around his shoulders, called for a prefect to lay hold to the other end of the rope, and plunged into the current.

And he has been successful. Strong arms are pulling them to the shore,—his enemy and himself. Cheer upon cheer breaks from the throats of the assembled students. They are dragged from the water and stand facing each other,—the conqueror and the conquered! For a moment there is silence,—then—

“Joe!”—

“Frank!”—

The words half whispered break forth spontaneously, and in the handclasp that followed, the past was forgotten and a friendship renewed that lasted till death. HOWARD J. MUHLER, '05.

ADDRESS TO MUSIC.

Dear Music, gentle maid by Heaven sent,
Physician, calming hearts that writhe in care,
Who curest wounds that ruddily lie bare
And ever on man's welfare art intent;
Sweet Angel thou, a double charm is lent
Thy figure at such hours when friends are rare;
Then truly, Music, thou art heav'nly fair
And God alone could such an angel send.—

How oft in silent grief I visit thee,
And thou dost chime a quiet, soothing song;
Though other voices may seem sad to me,
Thine, of delightful thoughts calls forth a throng,
For thou doest soften sorrow by degree,
And when we part my soul again is strong.

A. A. S., '03.

AIR-CASTLES THAT BECAME A REALITY.

The clock in the Greene and Yealey Bank had just rang out four in the afternoon, which was the hour for closing.

A young man of twenty three years added a few more figures to an already long column, then closing his books and arranging the things of his desk in a tidy manner, prepared to depart.

Outside tiny snow flakes were gently falling to the street. The air was cold and damp and the barometer indicated a heavy storm. The heralds of this storm had already arrived, but they were of a far more gentle nature than their lord. These white robed messengers sent a thrill of joy through many breasts that can only be aroused by the sight of a gentle snow storm.

Oliver Greene, as he stepped forth from the bank, hesitated a few moments and deliberated which way he should turn. While he stood thus pondering, two young men drew near from the opposite direction. Oliver was not aware of their presence until the taller one called out, "Hello, Oliver, going down to the club?" It was Frank Medley, one of Oliver's cousins. Great enmity had existed between them at one time on account of a charming young lady of the city. But for some time past they had been on very good terms. However, since the grand ball given by the club a week before, Frank had shunned his cousin and

when they did meet one evening, he treated him very coldly. Oliver was a little surprised to be addressed in this manner, but immediately replied, "No, not now, may be down this evening." "Well, don't forget, we will expect you there," replied Frank's companion, as they continued on their way.

When they withdrew, Oliver boarded a passing car and resolved to learn whether Bertha would still refuse to see him as she had for the past few days. She complained of a slight indisposition, but this was only feigned, for the real object of her refusing to see Oliver was a growing affection for Frank Medley.

Ten minutes later he rang the the door bell of Dr. Harley's residence. His summons was answered by an old negress who conducted him to the reception room and then hurried away to find Miss Bertha. After a very short interval she returned bearing a note which read thus:

"Can't see you any more. B."

Oliver stood in a half dazed condition for a few moments and was brought to his senses by the old negress inquiring whether she could do any thing for him. He immediately picked up his hat and departed without a word.

The perplexed young man went directly to his home and complaining of indisposition, said he would not appear at supper. He then withdrew to his room. His brain was in a whirl, his thoughts all confused, and he was unable to think.

Ever since he met Bertha after his last year at college, he had only one aim and one ambition, and

that was to prepare a happy home for her and himself. Now his grand ideals had taken to the winds and his magnificent air castles had toppled to the ground. He was unable to understand what should have changed her mind in regard to him. He tried to fathom the mystery, but in vain. Finally when he grew more calm, he wrote a short note to Bertha, asking an explanation of her conduct and then retired.

The next morning Oliver was at his customary place in the bank. His father, the president, noticed that he was not in his usual jovial mood, but refrained from disturbing him in his work by inquiring for the cause.

Days came and went, but Oliver's condition far from becoming better was steadily growing worse. He received no answer to his note and was now endeavoring to erase Bertha's image from his memory. He never missed a day at his desk and executed his work most conscientiously, but not with the same alacrity as was his wont. He frequented the club as usual and his friends were not little surprised at his declining vivacity and interest in the various affairs. At home he endeavored to assume his old time cheerfulness, but in spite of his best efforts he was unable.

* * * *

The long winter months had given way to those charming ones of spring, and now these were ripening into the dry hot days of June, but no change was effected in Oliver's condition. His father was now aware of his son's misfortune and

left nothing undone that might bring his only child back to his usual cheerfulness.

One day the president quitting his private office earlier than usual, made his way to his son's desk and addressed him thus: "Son, it is time now for you to forget your melancholy past and to prepare for yourself a bright future. Here is a pass which will take you to any port on the Great Lakes and two hundred in cash together with a letter of credit on which you can draw any amount you desire." Oliver with tears in his eyes most gratefully thanked his kind father and promised to forget the past as far as he was able.

The next evening Oliver embarked on the *Passing Mist* which plied between his home city and some Northern summer resorts. He enjoyed the cool lake breeze as he promenaded up and down the deck. The night was a most delightful one and the moon shone brightly in the dark and mystic vault of the heavens. A few tiny stars were visible and appeared to be so many little apertures in the vast vault through which the light from some world beyond escaped to our "valley of tears". The restless wavelets as they tripped against the sides of the vessel caught the silvery moon beams and reflected their pale light like so many precious jewels.

While he was thus enjoying this beautiful panorama, it occurred to him that he had recognized one of the passengers as he came aboard, but in the dim light and commotion he was not certain whether his eyes deceived him or not.

The following morning Oliver arose very ear-

ly and was enjoying the beautiful sunrise, before many of the passengers were astir. He inhaled the sweet morning zephyrs as they came dancing over the water, and already he began to feel something like his former self.

The entire day was spent in a most delightful manner, but with the evening twilight came a sudden change. The sun had scarcely dropped his majestic head behind the western horizon, when a dark cloud was seen rapidly rising. In the course of a few short hours a strong gale was blowing across the lake. The water was in a most turbulent state and the angry waves madly rushed over each other in their terrible fury. Vivid flashes of lightning darted through the dark heavens and the roaring thunder seemed to shake the entire universe to its centre. All the elements were at war with one another.

The storm raged and increased in fury. The officers took every precaution for the safety of the vessel, but it had been driven out of its course and was now in unknown waters. Suddenly a terrible crash was heard and the noble vessel trembled from bow to stern. Soon it was learned that they had been driven on a hidden rock and the entire bow and one side were destroyed. The greatest consternation reigned everywhere. Men shouted at the top of their voices, women shrieked, and the wail of little children could be heard above the warring elements. Many were unable to enter the boats that were lowered, and Oliver was among them. He secured a life preserver around his body and prepared to jump into the raging sea

when it would no longer be safe on the doomed ship. Suddenly a piece of flying timber struck him on the head which deprived him of his senses. When he became conscious again he heard the captain advising all those who did not wish to perish with the ship to leap far out into the sea. For an hour the youth was tossed to and fro by the furious deep, now he would be raised on the crest of a huge wave, now precipitated into a trough of the sea. His strength was fast failing him and he had a terrible pain in his head.

Suddenly as a flash of lightning illumed the surface of the water, he saw near him a human form. In a few minutes he reached the side of his fellow struggler and resolved to save both himself and companion. In the distance he saw a dim light and towards this he made his way.

After a long and weary struggle he saw the outline of the shore, but his strength was nearly exhausted and his companion having relapsed, into unconsciousness, was lying heavily on his arm and the pain in his head was increasing. At last his feet rested on the bottom. This renewed his courage, but almost at the same time a huge wave swept him from his feet and both rescuer and rescued were swallowed into the abyss of the devouring waters.

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Three long weeks had elapsed since that terrible storm that sent the *Passing Mist* to her watery grave, had swept over the country. In a humble cottage near the lake-shore lay the wasted

form of a young man. His cheeks were blanched and his eyes were sunken deep into their sockets. His bony hands lay stretched upon the snow-white coverlet and the emaciated form seemed void of life.

The sunbeams were very warm, but the breeze from the lake was cool and refreshing. The sweet perfume of many flowers was wafted to the nostrils of a solitary nurse who sat near the bed-side, while the birds were twittering and hopping from bush to bush near the open window. The nurse now and then would cast hurried and half expectant glances towards the bed. The physician had stated that morning that should the young man ever regain consciousness, he would do so before noon.

The wasted form lying on the bed was no other than Oliver Greene, and his devoted nurse was the one whom he endeavored to save on the night of the storm. Sleepless nights and weary days did this faithful friend spend near the bed-side of the noble benefactor. But especially this morning was the nurse more vigilant and more anxious.

The sun was steadily wending his course towards the zenith and all nature was calm and tranquil. Nothing was astir except the tops of the tall trees as they swayed to and fro with the gentle cadences of the passing zephyrs.

For some time the anxious nurse gazed intently on the palid countenance of the patient. Wonders were being worked in the mind of the unfortunate young man. His senses were slowly but surely re-

turning, and the first thing that he was conscious of was the knowledge that some one was intently gazing into his face. He raised his eyelids for a moment only, but it was sufficient for the vigilant nurse to notice the half-knowing look that was visible in those dark eyes.

After consciousness had returned, the young man sank into a calm sleep. He did not awake until the next morning. His faithful nurse was not there, but instead the lady of the house attended to all his wants and forbade him to ask any questions, but commanded him to sleep as much as possible. Thus two days passed, and on the morning of the third the patient was greatly improved and on a fair way to his former health. After he had lain awake a short time, his nurse whom he had not seen since he became conscious, stepped into the room and exclaimed, "Oliver, I am so glad that you are getting better." When Oliver recovered from his surprise, he raised himself on his elbow and exclaimed, "Cousin Frank, is it possible? Can I believe my eyes?"

Then without further ado Frank began his story: "I grew jealous at your rising intimacy and resolved to embitter Bertha's mind against you. This I accomplished by a few crafty and well laid plans. After this I was not happy. I tried to find solace in Bertha's company, but failed. Then I resolved to leave the city and embarked on the *Passing Mist* the night before she was wrecked. After that you know what occurred. When I lost consciousness, I knew I was being supported by strong arms, and this is all I can remember until I

awoke on the shore, clasped in your arms. We must have been washed ashore by the waves, as the doctor affirms that you were unconscious before you reached the land. As soon as I was able I summoned assistance and conveyed you to this cottage, where everything possible was done to revive you, but in vain. The next day a raging fever set in and during your long delirium and illness I was continually at your side and tried to alleviate your sufferings as much as I could, thinking that I might in this manner make some atonement for my misdemeanor. I am fully repentant and most humbly beg your pardon. This morning I wrote a letter of explanation to Bertha and trust she may pardon me, and I hope all things may be effected to your greatest peace and happiness."

When Frank concluded his narrative, he sat with his face buried in his hands, a picture of woe and misery. His condition moved his cousin who granted him full pardon for his offence. Then the dejected young man left the room, and since that time Oliver has never heard of him.

In conclusion it will suffice to say that a few days only were required for Oliver to gain sufficient strength to travel. He was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy and welcome by his parents and friends, but none evinced greater sincerity and love than Bertha.

That November Oliver and Bertha were joined in the bonds of wedlock, and instead of air castles Oliver now enjoys the happy reality.

ALBERT A. MCGILL, '04.

THE GLADIATORIAL SHOWS IN THEIR MORAL EFFECTS.

THE gladiatorial combats constitute a feature of Roman life, which in its atrocity seems almost incredible to a modern mind. Not only men, but women who professed a high code of morals, the citizens of a nation who claimed the mastery in civilization and refinement, made the carnage of men their habitual amusement. That this inhuman custom prevailed for centuries with scarcely a protest, is a fact not a little surprising to the student of history. We must, however, bear in mind that the morality of heathen Rome was based on purely natural perceptions; and reason unaided by the light of revelation has in more than one instance authorized the greatest enormities.

The gladiatorial games are said to have been of Etrurian origin. Their introduction at Rome dates from the first Punic War. The two sons of a certain Brutus sought to increase the solemnity of their father's obsequies by compelling three pairs of gladiators to engage in a combat. Gradually these deadly struggles eclipsed both in fascination and influence every other kind of public enjoyment at Rome. Towards the end of the republic they were a national favorite, much more than foot-ball and base-ball with the American people. The children in their sports paraded the streets as trio gladiators; authors borrowed from them their metaphors and illustrations; painters

and sculptors represented them in the gayest variety of equipment. The importance attached to these games by pagan Rome is most forcibly demonstrated from that mammoth structure, the Colosseum, which is said to have offered seats for eighty thousand spectators.

Although in reality these exhibitions became a source of moral depravity, the superstitious views of the Romans had intended them for lofty ends. They served as religious rites performed at the tombs of the great; they had the nature of human sacrifices to appease the manes of the dead. The constant example of courageous death was believed to foster a warlike ardor in the Roman youth; and hence gladiatorial contests frequently took place before the eyes of soldiers previous to their departure for war. They also had a great political significance. History records numerous instances when the ruler met thousands of his subjects in the arena. There they had an opportunity to present their petitions, to make known their grievances, and to denounce unworthy officials.

Soon, however, the motives for the rendition of these games deteriorated; they even became the means of injustice and corruption. Wealthy tradesmen instituted them to rise in the social scale, to gain the servile adulation of the plebeian ranks; through them also candidates for offices conciliated the good will of their voters, inducing them to close their eyes to any consideration of real merits or capacities. Generals in the camp secured by their means an absolute obedience of the soldiery, even if they gave commands in defiance of every

higher authority. We all know from history how Caesar and Pompey, in violation of all republican principles, practically usurped imperial powers and then sustained their position by multiplying these attractive shows.

At this time schools of gladiators existed in every important city of Italy; they were thronged by slaves, criminals, and even by free-men. Wandering bands of gladiators traversed the entire peninsula. The engagement of several thousand contestants were reckoned among the ordinary happenings. The patronage of the nobles and the delirium of enthusiasm blinded men to the perils of the profession. An utter recklessness of life was engendered both in the spectators and in the combatants.

One of the first consequences of this taste for bloody scenes was to create an absolute indifference towards the tranquil and refined amusements of civilized life. To men who were in the habit of witnessing the fierce vicissitudes of deadly strife, any entertainment that would not call forth the strongest excitement was insipid. The only diversions which retained popularity besides these spectacles were those of a strongly sensual nature, such as the ballet, the games of the Flora and the postures of the pantomimes.

It is true that comedy flourished for a brief period, but it could do so only by throwing itself into the same career. The comedies of the modest Terence never received the appreciation of the public. Plautus riveted the attention of his audience, but many of his characters are strongly tinged with

sensuality. The intense craving for excitement nurtured in the arena, received greater satisfaction in the wild orgies of voluptuousness, which Suetonius and Tacitus describe.

While comedy could in some measure thrive with the gladiatorial games, it was not so with tragedy. Tragedy might indeed have exhibited scenes of more intense agony and of grander heroism than these sanguinary contests; yet for those who were accustomed to the intense realism of the arena, the idealized sufferings of the stage had no attractions. All the genius of the tragedian failed to evoke the emotions of an audience who continually beheld living men fall mangled and bleeding at their feet. One of the chief aims of the stage is to promote the aesthetic sense; it prohibits that the feelings of the audience should be shocked by the spectacle of bloodshed. Horace, therefore, reminds Medea not to kill her children upon the stage. The gladiatorial combats ran in direct opposition to these precepts. They blunted the feelings of mercy and compassion; they lowered the susceptibility to disgust, and thus rendered the permanent triumph of the drama impossible.

The gladiatorial shows not only made the Romans inaccessible to humanizing agents, but they effected a positive retrogression to brutality of sentiment. The spectators learned to take pleasure in the simple contemplation of suffering as suffering. It is related of Claudius that with special complacency he watched the countenances of the dying, for he had learned to take artistic pleasure in the variations of their agony. Even the

gentler sex by turning their thumbs downward made summons to the victor to dispatch the conquered victim at his feet; and the more readily he acceded to their wishes, the greater the applause. So impetuous became the hankering after blood, that a prince was less unpopular if he neglected the distribution of corn, than if he neglected the games.

As a matter of fact, however, the change of the republic into an empire really induced their numerical limitation. During the time of the republic there had been a constant recurrence of elections to the various offices; and both actual incumbents and new aspirants, whenever they possessed the means, availed themselves of gladiatorial displays as the most effective means to bear away the palm of victory. In the empire with its stability in the holding of offices, the need for this mode of soliciting votes was greatly diminished, while the craving for scenes of carnage survived.

These two facts stand in a causal relation to the Christian persecutions. The executioners with their unflinching cruelty and their genius for the invention of the most exquisite torments had received their training in the arena. The mob, too, pressing through the streets of Rome with the boisterous clamor of "*Christianos ad leones*," in addition to their hatred of Christianity, were instigated by a wild passion for human blood. Nothing could be more welcome than a supplement to the now less frequent gladiatorial games. The frequenters of the arena, moreover, gave preference to noble victims; and while the gladiators were mostly re-

cruited from the ranks of slaves, they now witnessed how death was courageously faced by free Roman men and matrons, by patrician youths and stately maidens.

This feature of Roman society is worthy of consideration. The gladiatorial combats teach with greater emphasis than mere speculative inquiry, the abyss of depravity into which human nature is liable to fall. They permit us to form an estimate of the regenerating effects that Christianity has produced in the world; for the abolition of the gladiatorial shows in all her achievements, Rome's sages could deplore them. Persons of more humane dispositions shrunk from their infection. To the masses, however, they possessed a charm which nothing but the religion of Christ could overcome.

ALUMNUS.

THE WAKENING SUNBEAM.

Night is pouring over nature,
Sable clouds of sleep and dream,
Quiet all—as in a churchyard,—
Stagnant seems life's limpid stream,
Draw thy fetters close,
Closer, gloomy night!
One is drawing near
Who may break their might.

From the portals of the morning,
Soaring on his burning wings,
Lo! the sunbeam is ascending
Higher than an eagle wings,
As if asking there,
There at Heaven's gate,
Leave to make the world
From this deathlike state.

Now he waves his golden plumage
Plays among the clouds on high,
Perches on the tops of mountains
Is descending from the sky,
Where the flowers bloom,
In the birdlet's home,
He descends anon
In the forest's dome.

With his golden touch pervaded
Every dew drop glistens fair:
All reflect the sun's bright image,
And his gorgeous splendor share.
Million-mirrored stream,
Happy dancing waves,
On your every crest
Sol his image graves.

Sleeping nature hears the rippling,
Hears the sunbeam coming near.
It arouses from its slumber,
Wakens to its former cheer.
Flowers raise their heads,
Birds begin to sing,
All are glad and gay
At this morn of spring.

And the sunbeam still advancing
Glitters on the window pane,
Calls man from his quiet slumber,
Rouses him to life again.
Old as well as young
Beggar, slave, and king,
All awake at morn,
Hear his calling ring.

Toiling hands anon are plying
Diligent their daily task,
Men that sleep in thralldom fettered
In the morning's splendor bask.
Yet the sunbeam still
Through the darksome night,
Circling round the world,
Throws his golden light.

A. A. Schuette, '03.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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✎ It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary college journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

With the issue of the present number of *The Collegian* the ninth volume of this journal is completed. It has been customary in former years to publish ten numbers during the scholastic year, but owing to the fact that this year the College closed a month earlier than usual, it was thought

best to make this the final issue of the ninth volume. The tenth number of *The Collegian* contained for the most part the essays, orations, etc., delivered by the graduating class on Commencement, but since no such exercises were held this year, the the present arrangement was deemed proper and advisable. Patrons and readers of *The Collegian* will please take notice that after this issue no more numbers will be published. The present staff of editors feel greatly indebted to their many friends for the substantial encouragement given *The Collegian* during the past year. The circle of subscribers for this journal is naturally limited to the friends, parents, and devotees of St. Joseph's, and to them we look for support and encouragement. It is only through such assistance that college journals can be maintained, and realizing this fact we shall ever appreciate the kindness of those who have contributed to the maintenance of one of the best mediums for the intellectual advancement of a college student.

The Collegian wishes the students a pleasant and happy vacation. There is no reason why it should not be a happy one, if it is spent in the proper manner. There surely will be no complaint that it is not long enough. This year's vacation covers a period of over three months and a half, and certainly this ought to be a sufficient period for recreation and relaxation to satisfy the most exacting. But there is one duty which the students should not neglect; namely, they should spend some time reviewing the various branches of study, which they have pursued during the

past scholastic year. This is always highly advisable, but we believe that in the present instance it is even necessary. As it is well known, the College closed this year a month earlier than usual, and just at a time when the students were about to begin reviewing their studies for the final examinations in June. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, all this work of reviewing could not be done at the College, so that it is obvious that the students should do at least a part of this work at home during the summer months. They should remember the adage, "*repetitio est mater studiorum*," and if they are imbued with the truth of this sentiment, they will not neglect their duty on this point, for it will be to them one of the best means that can be employed for success in their studies next year.

The present scholastic year was brought to a sudden and unexpected close on Friday, May 15th. The cause of the early closing of St. Joseph's was the breaking out of the small-pox in our neighboring city, Rensselaer. The first few days after the disease had become prevalent in Rensselaer, things wore a threatening aspect, and this condition of affairs naturally excited a feeling of uneasiness and fear among some of the students. Those who are in any way acquainted with the nature of college life, know that whenever something is started among the students, it does not take long until the affair becomes general throughout the entire student-body. The recent experience at St. Joseph's was no departure from the customary actions of college students. At first

only a few sincere, but we think rather hasty, students asked for permission to go home. The authorities of the College hardly believed the condition of affairs serious enough to allow the students to go home, but still in case the disease did break out at St. Joseph's, they did not wish to bear the responsibility which would be theirs in case they refused the boys permission to return home and small-pox should happen to find its way into St. Joseph's. So the matter was left entirely to the discretion of the students. A few left for home, and this naturally induced others to do the same, until finally it was but a short time when all, except the graduates, had gone home. Surely no one can reasonably blame the authorities of St. Joseph's for pursuing the course they did in the matter. If any are inclined to blame the authorities, before passing such a judgment, let them consider and endeavor to appreciate the position of the authorities in case they compelled the students to remain here and small-pox would break out at the College. It is now two weeks since the out-break of the disease in Rensselaer, and from the present state of affairs in our neighboring city, we think that we are warranted in asserting that the recent actions of the students in leaving the College through fear of contracting small-pox, was entirely too hasty and uncalled for. At the present time there is not a single case of small-pox in Rensselaer. The disease has been thoroughly and, we hope, permanently stamped out.

The early closing of St. Joseph's this year came at a time when the inmates of the College


were preparing to enjoy some of the most noteworthy and auspicious events in the year's celebrities. The base ball team had some very important games on its schedule that, win or lose, would have been of great benefit to this institution, because they would have extended the name and influence of St. Joseph's very much and brought us into a closer and more intimate relation with well-known places and inhabitants. Then a day's outing was to be given to the students at Lafayette, Ind, where the C. L. S. was to render the play, "The Dead Witness"; the S. J. C. Volunteers were to give several exhibition drills, and the representative base ball team was to try conclusions with the nine from that city on the Purdue diamond. This would undoubtedly have been a memorable day for the students of S. J. C., but unforeseen circumstances made the realization of our hopes impossible. The most disappointing part of the affair was that no Commencement could be held. Commencement is a day longed for by all the students in general and by the graduates in particular. Hence, to no one will the sudden closing of school be an object of regret more than to the graduates of the class of '03. After pursuing a course of study in a college for several years, it is but natural that a student would like to finish his career at college with appropriate ceremonies. Such formalities and exercises serve to put a crown upon the student's work, and nothing is more pleasant to think of in after life for a college student, than to recall the day when he received from the college stage his diploma, the testimonial of his Alma

Mater, which assures him that he has attainments that will be to his moral and mental advancement. Such occasions give a student a beginning in life that oftentimes is the cause of his great and successful endeavors in practical fields of activity. It is a day never to be forgotten by those so fortunate as to experience such a happiness. But such a privilege was not enjoyed by the class of '03, although after passing a successful examination, they received their diplomas, which after all is the principal part of the Commencement exercises. They did not have the exterior show that other classes had, but they have acquired as much knowledge, which is the main object of spending a number of years in an institution of learning, and thus we console ourselves with what seemed at first an almost total disappointment and loss.


At last we have arrived at a point in our journalistic career when we must lay down our literary weapons and give way to those who have been chosen to take our places as members of the staff of *The Collegian*. We candidly admit that we cannot give up our work along these lines without much regret and reluctance. It is true that it has required many hours of careful thought and preparation to collect the material for each issue, but it was a labor of love, and considering it in this light, greatly aided us in diminishing the burden. The Editor feels greatly indebted to the members of the staff for the co-operation given him in publishing this journal. The present board of editors were willing and energetic writers, and this accounts for the willingness with which all responded

to the call for "copy" whenever requested. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed in our *sanctum*, and the result is that we have no reason to regret the many hours spent in the company of each other to exchange ideas for the advancement and improvement of *The Collegian's* standard. But to no one do we feel more indebted for our success than to P. Mark, the Rev. Censor. His vigilant eye was always sure to detect whatever faults our inexperience failed to notice, and hence to him in a great measure is due the credit of escaping this year any serious rebukes from exchanges on account of errors in our journal. We feel that our experience in college journalism has been of immense benefit to us and hope that our efforts have redounded to the credit of Alma Mater. Certain it is that never in the past have more encomiums of unstinted praise been bestowed upon the standard of this journal than this year. It is a source of much satisfaction to the members of the staff that they have been able to elicit words of such hearty commendation as we have received this year, and we assure them that their approval of our efforts has served not a little to bring about a firm confidence of success which nothing could undaunt. We hope that the standard of future years will become higher and that our successors may merit by the excellence of their productions even greater praise than the present volume has called forth. We hope and believe that as St. Joseph's College rises in prestige and influence, *The Collegian* will keep pace with its surroundings, and that it will be partly instrumental in bringing about their success.

We have every reason to believe that our task will fall into competent hands when the College opens again next fall, and the new staff has the best wishes of the old for success. May they reach the pinnacle of their endeavors in the journalistic field, and may no obstacle come in their way that will retard their progress. Our work is now finished. We respectfully resign the care of this ship on the journalistic sea to our successors. May their voyage be a safe and propitious one. Farewell!



The C. L. S. take this opportunity to express to Hon. E. P. Honan, of Rensselaer, their sincere thanks for the valuable service he rendered them as their teacher in Parliamentary Law. There is no question that our meetings were never before carried on in such a thorough and orderly way as during the year recently ended. The members of the Columbian Literary Society will ever hold in grateful remembrance the effective work of Hon. E. P. Honan, for they are convinced that few have contributed more to raise the standard of the society than has our genial friend from Rensselaer.





Very seldom may an Ex-man read a poem of such great merit as "Clyde Warwick" in the May No. of *St. John's University Record*. From first to last the diction is strong and elevated. The unstudied flow of the Indian chief's harangue, his brilliant comparisons with the scenes that ever surround him in nature,—these qualities are almost carried to perfection. But we would take issue with the character of the narrator, Emmet. Alluding to the meeting of the Sioux headed by their chief, he says:—"God bless these cunning, copper-colored spirits!" Yet within the space of thirteen lines he hurls this anathema against their chief: "Curses and my curse be him ever due." Not long afterwards he again cries out: "But Sioux! the cursed, hated, devil tribe!" A solution, however, may perhaps be found to these sentences of contrary contents, if we believe the descriptions given by Emmet of himself when in battle:—

"My temples burned, my body nervous shook,
And thought, and word, and courage me forsook,
Stark, silent, angry in this waking trance
Reeling at first I made the walks in dance."

We should be glad to learn the "author" of this remarkable poem, and in fact the class-number of all the contributors of *The Record*.

If it is true, as an Ex-man recently claimed, that judging from college-papers, a new era of Dante has commenced, it is still more true that our college-friends are exceedingly Shakespearean. The writers of the *Niagara Index* have been busy during the last eight months writing essays on the works of this famous English dramatist. "Ophelia" and "Banquo" in Nos. fourteen and fifteen we cite as specimens. Although we think that the writers have been original in their work, although we do not deny that essays of this kind are the best means of making a thorough study of an author, still we believe ourselves justified to call for something better from a university paper than these compositions have generally been. Besides, friend *Index*, a story instead of an essay now and then, perhaps it would not even disfigure the pages of your publication. Try, and convince yourself. The Ex-man, too, would improve his column if his method of criticising were a little less Johnsonian, and if he would prune his unabridged vocabulary of its redundancies.

The Mountaineer reprints an article, "The Church in the South," contributed by a distinguished alumnus to the *Pittsburg Catholic*. It contains some interesting information. Our readers may be startled at such a sentence as the following: "There are only seventeen priests in the Charleston Diocese, which embraces the entire state of South Carolina, and we have more Catho-

lies in the East End, Pittsburg, than there are in the whole Diocese of Charleston." "Me En Harry" is a very delightful piece of verse in Yankee dialect.

The compositions of the first affirmative speaker and the first negative speaker of the "Merrick Debate" are among the soundest articles which the *Georgetown College Journal* offered to its readers this year. They possess those qualities of sound logic, and especially of thorough research, which distinguish, or should distinguish, the university magazine from the ordinary college paper. We think that the *Journal* has maintained a higher standard during the last few months than it did at the commencement of the year. A greater portion of its pages is allotted to the essay than before. An objectionable feature, however, seems to be that it is written by scarcely half a dozen individuals.

And now we must pen our lines of farewell and consign these pages to other hands. For all our exchanges we have a heart of good feeling and the best wishes for success. We do not agree with the principles of all, but let us remember and repeat the famous New York phrase: "*Chacun a son gout*," and much may be explained. The staff of 1903-'04, we earnestly hope, will outstrip the work of the past year, and correct those faults that may be found on the pages of *The Collegian*.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.



THE GRADUATING CLASS.

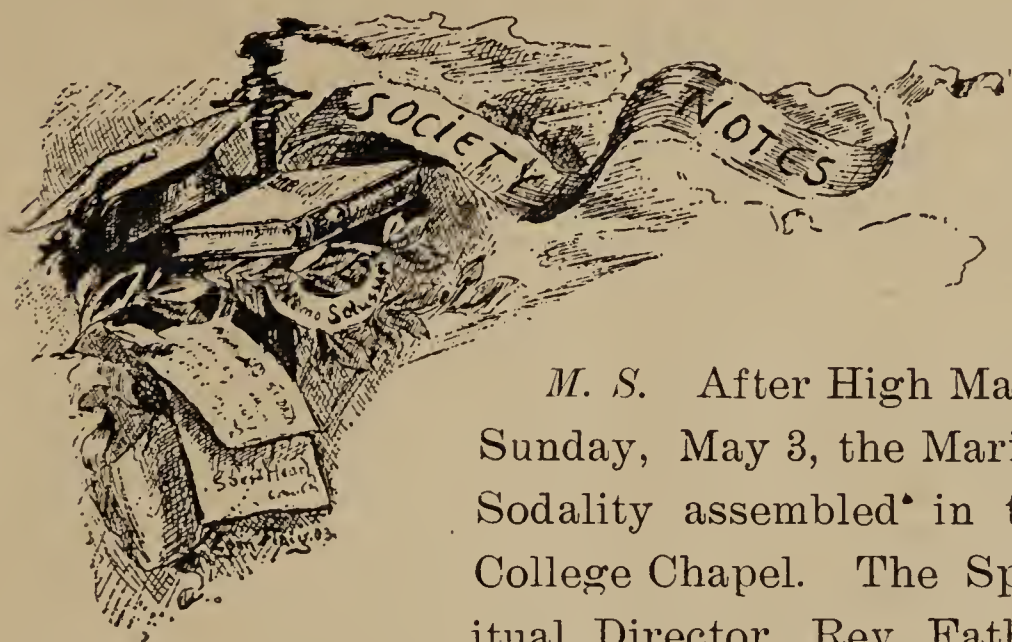
After the excitement incident to the early departure of the students on May 15th, had subsided, the graduates of '03, having remained at St. Joseph's, began to prepare themselves for the approaching test. Their ardor was naturally dampened by the disappointing close of St. Joseph's, but still they took the situation as philosophical as they could under the circumstances. After the examinations were finished, Father Augustine, the Rector, had the graduates assembled in Class Room No. 6, and there in a short space of time the results of the examinations were announced, the degrees conferred and the diplomas awarded. It was a rather unique way of holding the closing exercises, but it was none the less enthusiastic. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon:—

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE,
EDMUND A. WILLS,
EGON J. FLAIG,
REMIGIUS H. MONNIN,

Certificates for the successful completion of the Commercial Course were awarded to:—

CLARENCE MYERS,
PAUL CARLOS,
JOHN F. JONES,
JOHN LANG





M. S. After High Mass, Sunday, May 3, the Marian Sodality assembled* in the College Chapel. The Spiritual Director, Rev. Father

Hugo, after opening the meeting by prayer, addressed the members in a few well-chosen words, exhorting them to cultivate a more special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, their model during the month of May and to suffer all petty wrongs as well as more grievous ones, and to bear the slight short-comings of their fellow-students in honor of the Queen of May. The Sodality then proceeded to receive into their midst three young men who had shown themselves well disposed during the time of probation; namely, Messrs. N. Allgeier, G. Rupert, and J. Wiese. After reciting the Little Office and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the Sodality adjourned.

C. L. S. The Columbian Literary Society has been very active during the past few weeks, both in their meetings and in the rendition of their programs. In the meeting of Sunday, Apr. 26, the Society added an amendment to their constitution respecting the registering of books in the library, setting a penalty on delinquents. The suggestion of an amendment was the cause of a warm debate.

A select number of members rendered a program,
Sunday evening, May 3.

- I. Music, "Echoes,"....M. Tobani,....Collge Band.
- II. Recitation, "A Mother's Picture,"...V. Sibold.
- III. Essay, "Concentration of Mind,"...C. Frericks.
- IV. Select Reading, "Miss Edith Helps Along,"....
.....B. Schmitz.
- V. Music, "March," Crescent Queen, College Band.
- VI. Declamation, "The Rich and the Poor,".....
.....H. Dahlinghaus.
- VII. Oration, "The Study of Elocution," W. Rieman.
- VIII. Humorous Recitation,
"Experience of a Congressman,".....
.....E. Freiburger.
- IX. Music, "Spring Song," Mendelsson," Band and
Piano by.....J. Notheis.

The program was very short, but contained several good selections. A feature of the program was the music by the Band. Prof. Dentinger deserves the praise and good wishes of all inmates of the College and especially of the Columbian Literary Society for the good music he has furnished during the programs of the last few months, both with the band and with string instruments.

I. W., '04.

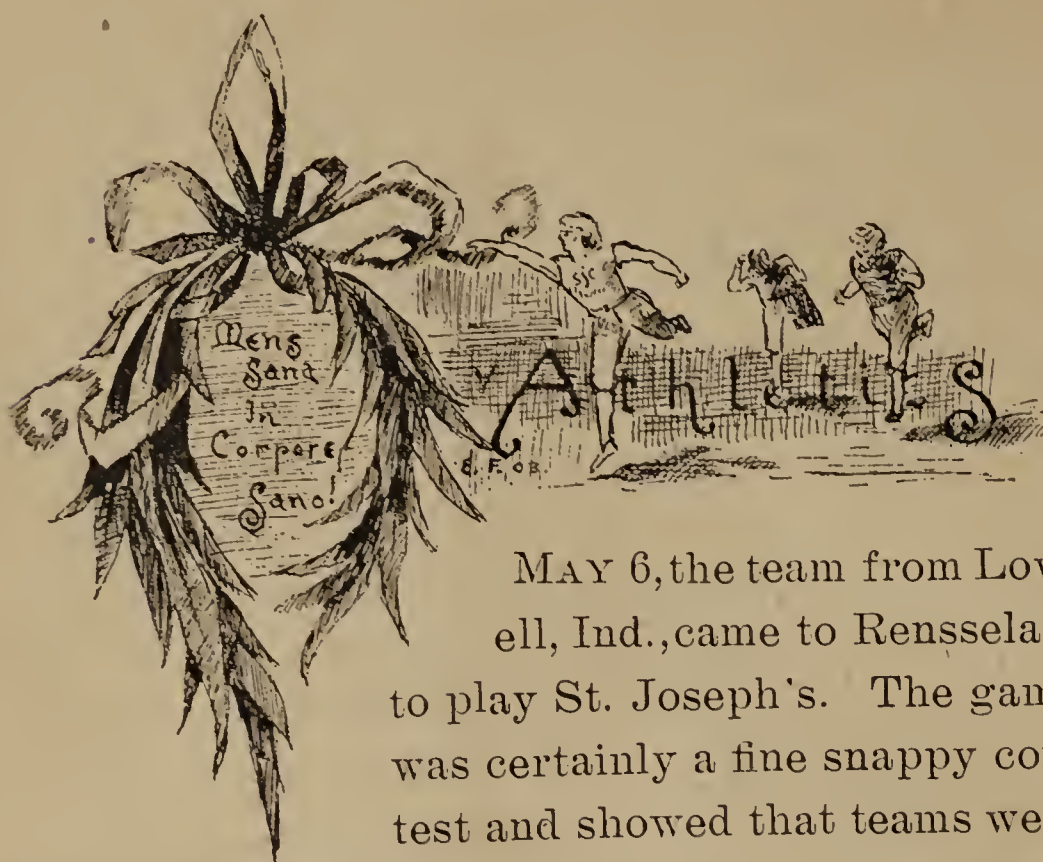
NEW PUBLICATION.

In "Harry Russel" Father Copus (Cuthbert) has launched his first book on the sea of literature.

Judging from his first attempt, we are led to believe that we are to have a series of stories equally as interesting as those of Father Finn.

“Harry Russel” deserves the highest praise, and we do not hesitate in recommending it to our readers, both young and old. The plot of the story is new, interesting, and well sustained; the characters are true to life and so worked out that it becomes at once apparent, that not only does Father Copus know boy nature, but that he also has the power to depict the same. The plot deals with the fortunes and misfortunes of “Harry Russel.” In the opening chapters we find him on the street, selling papers for the support of his widowed mother. His faithfulness in protecting a crippled news vender attracts the attention of influential men; they believe he is above his present station in life and decide to help him. Harry is accordingly placed by them in Rockland College; the sequel shows that he did not disappoint the hopes placed in him. With the ups and downs of college life are mingled the many happy incidents in the lives of Harry and his chum, Claude Grantley, the plots of two men to defraud Harry of a legacy left him by an almost forgotten relative, their seeming success but final undoing by means of a colored boy Sam, who rises in court and inquires: “For de other paper, boss; its my ’pinion dat de paper is a ’mendment to dis ’ere constitution.” With the defeat of the conspirators the story rapidly draws to an end; the curtain is drawn, showing Harry and Claude preparing to escort their sisters to a convent school in France. We anxiously await the next publication of Father Copus. Benziger Brothers. Price 85 cents.

HOWARD J. MUHLER, '05



MAY 6, the team from Lowell, Ind., came to Rensselaer to play St. Joseph's. The game was certainly a fine snappy contest and showed that teams were well prepared and played their best. St. Josephs were clearly at their best in the field and played an almost faultless game; they outclassed their opponents both at the bat and in the field, but what they lacked was opportune hits. Had the hits been more timely, there is no doubt that the score would have been greater than it was, and that no occasion would have been given for the wrangling that occurred at the end of the game.

In the first inning Lowell scored their only two runs on a timely hit by Wood. Sibold crossed the plate for St. Josephs in the same inning, both teams thereafter drawing blanks till the ninth, when with two men out and two strikes, Jones knocked a long foul. The ball was returned to the pitcher who was in the act of delivering the ball, when Gregg, Lowell's first baseman, objected to the use of the ball that was fouled. During the altercation, Sullivan who was on third, stole home

thus tying the score. Lowell immediately questioned the run and demanded the return of Sullivan to third. The umpire not having seen the play, refused to render a decision. Lowell thereupon left the field, thus forfeiting the game which was awarded to St. Josephs. While we do not wish to take the game on the forfeiture, yet we cannot give the victory to Lowell. It was the firm opinion of the majority of the spectators that St. Josephs was entitled to the run made and they severly criticize Lowell for their hasty departure from the field. We sincerely regret that this accident happened and we hope that it will not on any account sever the athletic relationship with Lowell which has heretofore been of the most cordial nature. Taking all in all, the game was a choice example of the national sport and ever held the attention of spectators. Hepp put up the best game for Lowell in the field, capturing three difficult flies which otherwise would have been safe for at least two bases. Sibold's playing for St. Josephs on short was of the spectacular order and more than once merited the applause of the appreciative fans. Didier pitched an excellent game, allowing but three measly hits, while eleven of the Lowellites failed to connect at all.

The score and summary are:

LOWEL.		R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slusser	2 B.	1	—	0	—	1 — 0 — 2
Lynch	3 B.	1	—	2	—	1 — 1 — 1
Hepp	L. F.	0	—	0	—	3 — 0 — 0
Gregg	I. B.	0	—	0	—	8 — 0 — 0
Wood	S. S.	0	—	1	—	1 — 0 — 0

Stilson	R. F.	0 — 0 — 0 — 1 — 0
Purdy	C. F.	0 — 0 — 1 — 0 — 0
Lawrence	P.	0 — 0 — 0 — 4 — 0
Calkins	C.	0 — 0 — 11 — 0 — 0
Totals		2 — 3 — 26 — 6 — 3

ST. JOSEPHS.		R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jones	3 B.	0	—	0	—	2 — 1 — 1
Sibold	S. S.	1	—	2	—	2 — 2 — 0
Halpin	1 B.	0	—	0	—	8 — 0 — 0
Myers	C.	0	—	1	—	11 — 1 — 0
Braun	2 B.	0	—	0	—	4 — 2 — 0
Shea	L. F.	0	—	0	—	0 — 0 — 1
Sullivan J.T.	R. F.	0	—	1	—	0 — 0 — 0
Sullivan J.A.	C. F.	1	—	1	—	0 — 2 — 0
Didier	P.	0	—	0	—	0 — 4 — 0
Totals		2	—	5	—	27 — 12 — 2

Innings —

St. Joseph — 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 — 2

Lowell — 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 — 2

Hits by pitcher — Didier and Shea. Struck out, by Didier, 11, by Lawrence, 10. Double Plays, Sibold to Braun, Passed Balls, Calkins, 3; Myers, 1. Time of game—1 hour. Umpire—F. Parcells.

On Sunday, May 10th, the St. Xaviers and St. Aquinos crossed bats. St. Aquinos won easily and held the Xaverians down to a single run. Welsh made his initial appearance in the box for St. Aquino and pitched a steady game, allowing but one hit. Myers and Grobmyer were conspicuous for their batting, while Wachendorfer accepted some rather difficult chances in the left garden. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning.

Summary.

St. Aquinos— 1 1 5 0 0 0 0 — 7

St. Xaviers— 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 — 1

Batteries—St. Aquinos, Welsh and Myers; St. Xaviers, Monnin and Koenig. Struck out, by Monnin, 4; by Welsh, 8. Errors—St. Aquinos, 4; St. Xaviers, 2. Time of game—1:27. Umpire—S. Hinen.

We regret that we must cancel the rest of our games for this season on account of the premature closing of the college, but we hope that we may be able to meet the different teams next year and play our entire schedule. To the Rev. donors who have so liberally responded to our calls of need we render our sincerest thanks.

W. T. FLAHERTY, '94.

LOCALS.

Small-pox!

Get vaccinated!

Take ice out *to the ball* grounds!

Shakespeare again killed a snake 6 in. long and told us it is a six footer. When we asked him how he could tell us such a lie: "In my opinion it is a *spreading* viper."

The other day Richard sprained his wrist in trying to pull in a new patent bosom shirt. We have always spoken against the too elaborate use of starch in our laundries.

The ayes seem to have it, they will get it, they must get it, they have it—the small-pox.

Do you want anything in the shoe line? No,

but if you don't mind, I'll take a bee line.

"There is nothing like oratory," says Uncle Josh, especially if it is of the spontaneous kind. Sure enough, Uncle would get a reputation discussing the pros and cons of the small-pox question.

An unpublished letter of Gloomy Gus:

Dear Aunt,—As I have some useless time, I took it to write you these lines. I am very well, but feel like two cents worth of dog meat. I hope you will have something better for dinner when I get home.

Yours, in a sitting posture, Gloomy.

Old members of the Jockey team will perhaps be pleased to hear that their captain, J. Smith is at present raising dust on second base for the Reds. He needs much practice yet before he can play without disgrace to the Jockeys. He is especially good at chewing the rag.

Ja, Ben, du must nach Rome—City.

Our rebus explainer, Benno, has solved the riddle, "why is the crow such a brave bird." Because he never shows 'the white feather'.

The band has acquired a new outfit for a base drummer in the person of Zip. To pound a base drum correctly and successfully, requires a powerful concentration of eye and mind, and above all a sure shot, which is indispensable, and he surely possesses all these and other desirable qualities.

Shaefer says that in Africa, the mosquitoes sing like crocodiles, and that they climb up the trees and bark. Sure enough, they climb up the bark when they climb the trees. (Applause.)

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